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And I said, "She is dead; I could not brook
Again on that marvelous face to look."
But they took my hand and they led me in,
And left me alone with my nearest kin—
Once again in that silent place,
My beautiful dead and I, face to face.
And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood and with love I looked on her;
With love, and with rapture, and strange sur
prise

with love, and with rapture, and standard prise
prise
Licoked on the lips and the cold-shut eyes;
On the perfect rest and calm content,
And the happiness there in her features blent;
And the thin white hands that had wrought so much. Now nervoless to kiss or to fevered touch.

My beautiful dead who had known the strife, The pain, and the sorrow that we call Life; Who had never faltered beneath her cross. Nor marmured when loss followed swift on And the smile that sweetened her lips always
Lay light on her blessed mouth that day.
I smoothed from her hair a silvery thread,
And I wept, but I could not think her dead.
I felt with a wonder too deep for speech
She could tell what only the Angels teach.
And over her mouth I leaned my car,
Lest there might be something I should not
hear.

hear.

Then out from the silence between us stole
A message that reached to my inmost soul: "Why weep you to-day, who have wept be-

"Why weep you to-day, who have wept before,
That the road was rough I must journey o'er?
Why mourn that my lips can answer not
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?
Behold, all my life I have longed for rest—
Yea, e'en when I held you on my breast;
And, now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing, you sigh and weep.
My dearest, I know that you would not break,
If you could, my slumbers, and have me wake,
For, though life was full of things that bless,
I have never till now known happiness."
Then I dried my teers, and with lifted head
I left my mother, the beautiful dead.
—James Berry Bensel.

### BEWARE OF WIDOWS.

It was a typical winter day. A fine, powdery snow was falling, and a fringe of icicles adorned the steep gables of barns and farmhouses. The big trees along the roadside rattled and shook

But in spite of the cheerless prospect, Malvern Travers whistled cheerily to himself as he breasted the driving wind and made his way through the dry, fast-falling snow towards his home.

fast-falling snow towards his home.

"I'll put it under her door to-night," he was saying to himself, with a smile in his hazel-grey eyes.

Here his meditations were interrupted by the sudden opening of the door as he reached the threshold, and by a sharp voice exclaiming: "Hurry up, for pity's sake, Malvern, and don't be a-letting the snow into the

And Malvern obediently hurried in as he answered with a smi "No danger of that, Priscilla. There's

"There's mighty nigh it, then," growled his sister-in-law. "But you don't seem to mind a-tramping over to the post-office in such a storm, and all for nothin' I'll be bound. Git any let-

"No," returned Malvern meekly.
"I told you so," retorted Mrs. Priscilla in a tone of triumph. She was a worthy woman, and wielded the domestic sceptre in her bachelor brother-in-law's establishment with wis-dom and moderation. Rut as there is no rose without a thorn, Mrs. Priscilla's really excellent

qualities were rather dimmed by the possession of a sharp tongue.
"I told the truth," smiled Malvern to himself as he sought the privacy of his own apartment. got a birthday card, so of course I wasn't obliged to tell."

And carefully taking a large, square envelope from his overcoat pocket, he drew out the card and examined it It was a very pretty card, with a fancy border surrounding a wreath of for-get-me-nots and orange-blosoms, which

encircled a pair of doves with silver wings, represented as billing and coo-ing affectionately. On the reverse side was a simple couplet in print. "As to the oak tree clings the vine, So my true heart will ciling to thine.

The simile was not a very appropriate one; but in Malvern's eyes it was the pink of excellence. He was a very bashful man-so bash

ful, in fact, that he passed his thirtieth birthday, and was still a bachelor. This fact was a thorn in the side of his sister-in-law, and many and sharp were the lectures she had delivered to him on the subject; but alas! with no

He could have shouldered his musket and gone into a battle without a tremor. but when it came to making love to a pretty girl, his heart and nerves both failed him. And yet Malvern-poor fellow-was in love.

He had of late mustered up sufficient courage to escort Electra Feversham and her stepmother (a widow) to church, and to a pienie or skating party or other merrymaking on several oc-

But to his misfortune be it told he found it easier to pay attention to the elder lady than to the daughter; and, as a consequence, the gossips of the town had begun to connect his name with that of Mrs. Ignatia Feversham,

much to their own amusement. Now Electra was the prettiest girl in the village, with her sloe-black eyes, and cheeks that matched the scarlet chrysanthemums she wore in her nutbrown hair, while her stepmother was a showy and not uncomely woman, with a sharp eye to the main chance, and no decided objections to adopting

some other name in the place of Fever-Malvern Travers, though bashful, was not wanting in decision, and he had recently determined that if he

could only be reasonably well assured that Electra would not refuse him, he would manage to "make her an offer in some fashion. It was the morning before Electra's birthday, and Electra was baking hard

in the kitchen. Her stepmother believed in early breakfasts, and Electra was up before daylight on the short winter mornings. The savory odor of broiled ham creeted Mrs. Feversham as she came briskly clicking down stairs, a plaid breakfast shawl hugged tightly around her shoulders. "Ahem! is that snow sifted under the

door?" she asked herself, as she reached the bottom step. A closer inspection assured her it was "Why, it's-it's a birthday card."

And hastily seizing the missive she stepped into the parlor to examine it "For Electra! Well, I declare! Who's it from I wonder? There's no harm in opening a birthday card, so I'll just see

And carefully prying open the en-velope, Mrs. Feversham beheld a tastefully-decorated sheet of rice-paper, on the inner side of which were some written words, which she proceeded to "MISS ELECTRA .- I shall pass your home

at sunrise to-morrow morning; it is your birthday. If I see your face at the window, I shall take it as a sign that you are willing to accept my card.

Yours sincerely,

I'll take charge of this document myself. And it won't be Electra's face you'll see at sunrise!" And carefully secreting the paper, she manufactured industriously by a Cedar hurried out to the warm dining-room Rapids man, who offers them for sale to tire glass front. and the waiting breakfast, --

An hour or two later, Mrs. Feversham, arrayed in her second-best things, appeared in the kitchen, where Electra was mopping the floor.

"I'm going over to see old Mrs. Dimi-ty. I heard she was ill," she an-nounced. "And I shan't be back to dinner, so you needn't mind cooking any. There's enough left over from breakfast for you."

And Electra made no comments, having better discretion than to question anything her stepmother chose to It was a short time after the dinner-hour when Mrs. Feversham returned.

"The old woman's pretty ill, an' I promised you might go over an' stay all night, an' set up, if need be," she informed her daughter. "You can walk easily enough, for the snow ain't

very deep."

Electra had no objections to make, and it would have made no difference if she had, as her will was seldom con-Old Mrs. Dimity lived with her son

and a little grandson in a small but 202y cottage situated in the very beart of the woodland. She welcomed Electra cordially, but disclaimed the need of having any one to sit up with her. "But I'm glad to have some one to talk to," she added, "and to look after

hings a little." Electra and Mrs. Dimity chatted for awhile, when the old lady fell asleep, and after a time her little boy Sammy came back from an excursion in the woods. "Look a-here," he cried, "what I

found in a tree." And drawing a crumpled paper from his pocket, he laid it in Electra's lap. "Miss Electra Feversham."

Why, it was her own name! And with some natural excitement she examined the contents of the envelope. A birthday card from Malvern Travers! Electra's cheeks burned as she read the written words.

"But how could it have got into the tree?" she wondered. Sammy could throw no light on the subject, except that he had climbed a tree after a squirrel, and putting his hand into a hollow of the trunk, he found the paper.
"And now I shall not be at the win-

dow to see him!" thought Electra, with Then the thought came into her "Could she have been sent away on

purpose?"
And suddenly the truth flashed over her—her stepmother had discovered the card and secreted it! Electra felt a thrill of indignation at the thought.

"It must be so," she declared. will let him know somehow.' It was growing late, and Electra was getting supper in the little kitchen, when the other boy, Tom, came stampng the snow from his feet. He was not alone, for Electra could

Presently the kitchen door was flung wide open, and Tom was saying: "Walk in, Malvern, and get a good warm 'fore you go.'

Then to Electra he said: "Here's some chicken-jelly an' elder erry wine, Malvern has brought to mother; his sister sent 'em. I'll just turn 'em over to you; fur I'm in a hurry. Stay to supper, Malvern."

And away he rushed. But Malvern did not stay to supper He stayed long enough, however, to learn that Electra intended to remain ail night, and that she would have to walk ome in the morning.
"Let me come and take you home in the trap," he urged. And Electra consented.

Mrs. Feversham looked vainly from per window at suprise the next morning. No living creature appeared. But couple of hours later she was more urprised than pleased to behold her laughter and Mr. Malvern Travers friving leisurely up to the house.
"Well, I declare!" she began, angrily

when the latter had driven away. But Electra coolly drew out the interepted card, and exhibited it to her as onished stepmother, who thereupon concluded it would be wisest to hold he

Truly, the ways of Cupid are past all inding out, and the mischievous little god has many and diver expedients for issisting the course of true love to run in a smooth channel.

The Foreigner in Mexico On the other hand the Mexican land

aws discriminate very rigorously against he acquirement of land by foreigners who do not propose to become Mexican citizens, and seem to be especially framed to prevent any encroachments on the part of the United States. Thus, no foreigner may, without previous permission of the President of the Reput lie, acquire real estate in any of the States, within twenty leagues (sixty miles) of the frontier; but such permission has of late been freely given to citizens of the United States for the acquirement of ranching property on the northern frontier. The ownership of real estate by a foreigner in either country or city, within fifteen miles of the coast, is, however, absolutely for bidden, except on the condition of a special act of Congress granting it. It is only, furthermore, through a direct permission of the Minister of Foreign Affairs that & foreigner in Mexico is no corded any standing in a court of justice. By the Constitution of Mexico, a foreigner who purchases any real es tate in that country, without declaring that he retains his nationality, become a citizen of Mexico; and it is difficult to see how under such conditions he could properly invoke any protection from the untry of his prior citizenship, in ease he considered his rights in Mexico to be invaded. Again, the laws regulat-ing mining property in Mexico are very peculiar. No one in Mexico, be he native or foreigner, can own a mine absolutely, or in fee, no matter what he may pay for it. He may hold it in-definitely, so long as he works it; but under an old Spanish law, promulgates as far back as 1783, and still recognized, if he fails "to work it for four consecutive months, with four operatives, regularly employed, and occupie in some interior or exterior work of real utility and advantage," the title is for feited and reverts to the State, and the mine may be "denounced," and shall belong, under the same conditions, "to the denouncer who proves its deser-tion." The denouncer, to keep the property, must, however, at once take possession and begin the prescribed work within a period of sixty days. This practice has one great advantage over the American mining system; and that is, that litigation about original titles and conflicting claims to mining

-Hon. David A. Wells, in Popular Sci ence Monthly.

property are almost unknown in Mexico.

CANDY. Process of Manufacturing.-Its Adultera tion by Unscrupulous Manufacturers.

The word candy comes to us from the Arabic and Persian gand, another name for sugar. Candy-making is a considerable trade in itself. The census of 1880 reported 13,692 confectioners. There are eight or ten large factories in New York alone, employing perhaps a hundred people each, and using a hundred parrels or more of sugar a week, besides quantities of glucose The "stick" candy, which seems to

be an indigenous American product, is of ordinary "A" sugar, boiled down with water and a little cream of tartar o prevent crystallization. The mass is taken in batches of about fifteen pounds to a marble table, where it is kneaded like bread, and the flavoring and coloring worked in. The paste then goes to the "pulling-hooks," where for live or six minutes it is pulled and twisted and repulled and retwisted at the hands of a vorkman who certainly earns his liv-ng. Thence it returns to the marble table, at one end of which is a metal plate, kept hot, on which he works the candy into its final shape. Stripes are pressed into the batch, two feet long and a foot thick, and it is then drawn and twisted out till it is the proper size of he penny "stick," the right length of which is clipped off by huge scissors. Clear candy is not kneaded or pulled. Flat candy is run into pans, and a knife s run across where it is to be broken into sticks or squares. The drops, fishes, and other fancy shapes are made by assing the paste through a machine, which cuts and presses it to the proper size and shape. Lozenges are rolled out like pie-crust,

ometimes printed in carmine with a hand-stamp, and then cut out with dies. "Sugar-plums" and sugared almonds are made in a very interesting way, by throwing the nut, seed, or other nucleus with boiling sugar into great copper pans, which are shaken by hand or revolved by machinery over a hot fire. Rolled over and over in the moist sugar, the plums soon begin to grow, and are "polished off" by each other, while, above, steam-worked fans carry off the dry dust. Gum drops are made of gumarabic and sugar, boiled and mixed, seven or eight hundred pounds at a time, in huge copper steam-kettles, whence the mixture is taken out into smaller kettles to be flavored and colored. The cheap gum drops and "marshmallows" are now made chiefly from glucose. Cream or soft candies are made in a simple way, from sugar mixed with cream of tartar to prevent crystallizing. To give them their fancy forms, a flat tray is filled with starch, which is pressed into moulds by a series of plaster-of-Paris models—a drop, band, face, berry, or what it may be -arranged on a long stick. Into these starch moulds the hot cream is poured, and then allowed to dry. Some factories have as much as 50,000 pounds of starch hear him talking in loud, good-humor- in this use. The drying-room is kept at a high temperature, in which the "creams" soon become dry and solid. They are then separated from the starch by huge sieves. If they are to be glossed, they are placed in huge tin pans and a cold solution of sugar poured over them to stand over night. morning the ice of sugar on top is brok-en, and the "creams" are found coated with fine crystals. The liqueur- drops are a very curious product. The syrup s mixed with brandy or flavored water, and is poured into the starch moulds As it cools at the top and on the mould, the crystal makes a continuous case, imorisoning the liquor within. The adulteration of candy is chiefly by the use of terra alba, or white clay

This harmful stuff can be detected by dissolving the suspected candy in water when the clay falls to the bottom undissolved. An ounce roll of cheap lozenges will sometimes contain narters of an ounce of this injurious stuff. The coloring of candies is, for the most part, not dangerous, since a siece of red coloring the size of a gui trop will color 5,000 pounds of candy Unscrupations manufacturers, however, ometimes use mineral instead of the afe vegetable colors, and cart-loads of such candy have been seized and destroyed by the health officers in New York. For the most part, earmine and cochineal are used for red, saffron for ellow, caramel or burnt sugar and this with earmine for Green and blue candies are to orange. be avoided. These colors are used sometimes, however, in "decorating" surface treatment of fine candies hand, in which a water-color artist suployed to do art work at wholesale according to the model set him. As for this purpose the proportion of coloring matter to sugar is about one-millionth the result of swallowing paint is not so disastrous as might be expected. In flavoring essential oils are used, about a and to a thousand pounds of sugar, and this is worked in during the boiling or kneading. Licorice colors and flav ors both at once.-R. R. Bowker, in

Harper's Magazine. Pretty She Will Be. An English woman is beautiful by nature or not beautiful, and there is an end of the matter. A Parisienne can rarely compete with the beautiful English or American women in features or n complexion and purity of skin, but she exerts such an effort of will in making herself tascinating that she often surpasses her rival in spite of natural disadvantages. Take Rachel, for instance. Nature gave her a thin face with a large and prominent forehead, deep-set eyes, a sunken mouth, a pointed chin, a seraggy body, and lean arms. Out of these natural materials the little Jewess, by dint of genius, will, passion, love, and gold spent on beautiful ob jects, made the Rachel that men will ever remember-a woman of Corinth or of Syracuse, with the caressing gesture of a statue by Coysevax, the intensity of a water color by Gavarni, lips that al-ways caught and reflected the light, and n her sombre eves the subtle flame of

In the Parisienne, from the shop girl to the grande dame, there seems to be an culte of her person, a respect of her flesh, a pride in her silhouette and bearing, and withal a constant effort to refashion and remake her If in accordance with a marvelous ideal of beauty, grace, elegance, and youth; to take from antiquity, from the East, from all ages and all countries that which has constituted their peculiar elegance, and then to reduce those elements of elegance to the Parisian formula. Every Parisienne is a living work of art, the product of a mysterious collaboration of surround-

### A White Gorilla.

A white gorilla is on view at the Roy-

al Aquarium at Westminster. Whether the animal is a true specimen or a highly developed cross-bred is a question for Yours sincerely,
MALVERN TRAVERS."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Ignatia grew red in the face as she comprehended the purport of the words. "So it is her he's been coming to see, hey? I'll have a finger in that pie, Mr. Malvern Travers! I'll take charge of this downwent ny.

Bertie (viewing his two-weeks-old brother)—Ain't baby got any teeth? Nurse—No, Bertie—why not? Nurse—No, Bertie—why not? Nurse—O, I guess the Lord didn't have a finger in that pie, Mr. Malvern Travers! I'll take charge of this downwent ny.

Bertie (viewing his two-weeks-old brother)—Ain't baby got any teeth? Nurse—No, Bertie—why not? Nurse—O, I guess the Lord didn't have a finger in that pie, Mr. Malvern Travers! I'll take charge of this downwent ny.

TYPES OF GIRLS. What has become of the gentle, soft, and docile young girl? asks Blakely Hall in the New York Town Topics. She has flourished once, he says, and

was usually considered to be about the most fetching thing in girls extant. Re-cently she placidly drifted out of sight, leaving in her stead the dashing, wideeyed, and blooming girl who holds the tield to-day. There is something plaint-ive in the memory of the docile young girl. She was the dude of femininity. She did not row or bowl or ride or walk but was content to drift modestly, bland, serene, and dove-like, wearing her eyes aloft, her hair in pretty curls, and her hands folded submissively in her lap. When she timidly entered the room and took her seat in a far corner -a bit of lace handkerchief in one hand, "Lucille" in the other-and began to coo in her mild way about the hollowness of life, large, bony, and ro-bust men fell prostrate before her, and she meekly gathered them in. She did

it mildly, but she gathered them in. She was succeeded by the girl who was usually described as "elegant." This particular fashion in girls was never very popular with men, but it was immensely affected by women. The "elegant" girl was graceful in mien, polite, refined, and usually immeshed in a dim and entirely unfounded mystery spoken of in meaning whis pers by her companions as an "affair." The "elegant" girl never impressed me much. I confess in a deprecatory way that after I had left her I was wont at times to go off in some secluded corner, where nobody but the man in the moon could see, and indulge in giggling to a wholly indecent extent. She was a deep girl. I have known her at times to surreptitiously accomplish the erec-tion of a romance which concerned the love of a soulful girl with a tangled mass of blue-black hair for a lambenteyed man, whose distinguishing characteristics were a rare and brilliant smile and a fondness for talking about things he evidently knew nothing whatever about in words ten syllables long. She called him Egbert, Bryce, or Clare, and usually signed the romance "Marione." I don't know why she added

the final "e"-neither did she. The animated girl with a gush of artilicial merriment came romping on the seene, and the "elegant" girl stood disapprovingly aloof and stared at her. But the galety—fictitious or genuine— of the latest things in girls drove all the others out of favor, and for awhile New York would have no other girl than the one who was perpetually on her toes and squeaking out her rapturous delight at everybody and everything on earth. She chatted of "sassiety," of "sets," "classes," and "families," and though she may at heart have been artful, cunning, crafty, and insincere, or simply sentimental, weakly, and inane, her was by far the least lovable.

Which brings us to the New York girl of to-day, with her red hussar jacket, smart little turban, erect carriage and easy swing. She owns the world. The easy play of the features, the superb color, and the eyes that look a man square in the face and achieve his mandlin subjections at a glance, are familiar to us all. We forgive her affectation of the English, for when she speaks of "row-dy-dows" it is with a quizzical smile, and her boldness is never anything but charming. She is natural, at least, and at her best, and no man dare remind her of the time when she was "elegant," or "animated," and for that matter no man cares to, for the present fashion in New York girls is not to be lightly tampered with or treated with anything but abject and entire admiration.

A Horse Shakes a Donkey A nobbily-attired statue stood the corner of Kearny street and Pine yesterday afternoon and paid strict atention to his work of ogling lady destrians. At last a short, stout lady in blue brushed past him, and he took advantage of her proximity to tap her on the back with the slender bamboo cane which he carried in his hand. As quick as a flash the lady turned, and, with her gloved hand, smacked the impudent fellow across the cheek, making his eyeglasses fly in one direction and his hat n another, as he threw back his head. Not content with thus avenging the insult offered, the lady raised her parasol and dealt the statue a blow on the head. Then, after venting her indignation in words, she passed on.

But the statue's punishment was not yet done. In backing away from his fair assailant he fell against a horse that was attached to a coupe, and the animal, as if it was cognizant of the character of the rapscallion grabbed him by the swell of the back with his teeth and shook him so heartily that the thin goods of which the coat was made tore from the collar to the tails.

A crowd had gathered by this time, and the now thoroughly frightened statue was greeted with a round of jeers. He certainly presented a dilapidated appearance when the horse dropped him. As soon as he could regain his feet he snatched his broken hat up from the ground, and steered down the street at a lively rate of speed, holding his torn coat with his hands, while the coupe horse neighed and looked about at the crowd, as if asking for its approval of his actions. - San Francisco

### A Straw Man on the Track.

Engineer Jack Cunningham is a tender-hearted fellow, who would rather leave the country than draw blood. He cries every time he kills a calf. The other evening, the boys put a straw man, all nicely fixed, on a bridge near Alamosa. Jack whipped around the curve with his passenger train, espied the man reversed his engine, opened the sand-lever, applied the air-brakes full force, and shut his eyes to keep out the horrible sight; the train stopped, after it had passed over the poor un-fortunate, and Jack wanted his fireman to go back and see who it was. Conducter German came ahead, and told Jack to come back and see the result of his carelessness. This broke Jack all up-but he went. He had to buy a whole eigar store in Placer. They "set" the dummy again, and caught Al. Springer. He is a little superstitions, and would not stop, saying the broken bones and clotted blood would keep him awake for months. He was so sick, he could not six months the bank cashier was on ent his supper .- Colorado Paper.

The newspapers now published in the United Kingdom number 2,093. England claims 1,634—409 of these belongng to London alone; Scotland, 193; Ireland, 162: Wales, 83, and the various The dailies reach 144 in England, 21 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, and I in the small isles-187 in all. while forty years ago there were only 14 daily papers in the whole kingdomclasping its keeper round the neck and kissing him like a child. It drinks from a tumbler, and has a most intelligent in 1846 there were but 551 journals public who has a note of \$1,000 coming due on Sermons to suit "all creeds" are being manner. It is housed in a large, handsome cage or chamber, with an enare of distinctly religious tendency, meet it - Norristown Berald

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Miller in Mexico.

### Joaquin Miller does not like the Mexcan hotels. In a recent letter to the Chicago Times he said: I found the dark and dirty little hotel crowded-only one room to be had, and

that one so dark that I could not see to dress. And yet so much sun, and to spare, on the outside! The place was filled with Americans. Why the American people will persist in sticking like wax together when they travel to see and learn, I do not know. But here were these Americans all huddled together in a heap, and all roundly abus-ing Mexico and the Mexicans. Yet they saw little of either. I paid two dollars a day here; but had to go into the plaza to do my work, my room was so dark. The food was fairly good, but very dir-ty; the attendance vile. Yet I am told that this is the best hotel Americans can

find here. But even this dismal, flat and dirty wo-story den was not without color and incident. I asked for some butter with my bread and coffee one morning. I was told that I was too early and must wait till the butter came in from the country. I waited half an hour; for this is a land you can wait in. At last a bare-foot and almost entirely naked Indian came running in, making enor-mous tracks with his muddy feet over the dirty floor. He took from a dirty bag three rolls of cabbage leaves tied up tightly with grasses. The proprietor of the hotel, behind his marble desk, untied one of the rolls, took off the cabbage leaves, which he threw on the floor at his feet and then began to turn and twist and smell of the little ball, almost as big as your fists. At last, after much haggling and bartering, he gave the In-dian some money. Then he came to me with the roll in his hand greatly delighted that he could let me have some fresh butter from the country, and proceeded with great ceremony to place it before me. But there were still more strings to cut. He went back to his marble counter, took a knife, came back, cut some grass strings, then taking off the strings and throwing them on the floor he began to take off coat after coat of corn-husks, all of which he threw on the floor. When the last of about a dozen corn-husks were removed,

dry piece, a sort of cross between "smearcase" and lard, he laid some "fresh butter" before me. And this in the so-called best hotel in city which has the audacity to some times boast of a population of half a

mine host took his knife, with renewed

flourishes, and cutting off a tough, hard,

Pity a Bachelor President. The unmarried president has a harder time in the white house than people imagine. He is besieged by matrimonial schemes from all quarters. Letters on the subject of marriage are written manner was ever that of a pure and art- to him, and I doubt not that Cleveland less young thing. Was she ever tiresome? Did her perpetual outbursts of
enthusiasm and delight cause you at
any time to step aside and drop a hot and scalding tear of pity for her? It did. Of all the fashious in girls this sals of marriage from ladies who wanted to present their claims for the president's hand through him. During the last administration a female crank called at the white house while President Arthur was in the west, and said she did not like to hear of the president. paying so much attention to the In-She feared be might become infatuated with a squaw, and in order to save the nation from such a calamity as an Indian wife in the white house she would even sacrifice herself upon Arthur's matrimonial altar. - Cleveland

### Leader. Unlucky Speculators.

"What is the average speculative life of an outsider who tackles the board of trade and tries to pull the tail out of the markets?" was the conundrum propounded to the head of one of the oldest

ommission houses on 'change. The veteran sat silent a mo then, as the faintest shadow of a smile trickled across his face, he looked up and remarked that he thought a bank cashier usually lasted longer than a man who played his own money. Then, grappling the subject in sober earnest he said: "That is a funny question and it suggests a new field of investigation. I do not know what would be the average duration of a speculative life, but at a rough guess should say two years. It may not be that long, and certainly it is not longer. I have been in the com-mission business twenty-five years and am prepared to say that if you can keep a speculative customer on your books for two years on an average you are do ing mighty well. Usually the gambler, who stays with you that long gets into you anywhere from \$2,000 to \$20,000. More speculators than I can count on the fingers of my two hands have 'quit's

owing me \$20,000 and over. "Not one man in ten wins in speculation, and ninety-nine out of every hundred will go broke if they stick to it long enough. Commissions eat up speculative capital mighty fast. Were it not for the constant infusion of new blood into the game we would all go to the poorhouse, I am thinking. Speculative capital has to be renewed every four or five years. The 'kitty' gets it.

all about that often.

"I have made fortunes for many hundreds of men, and I have vet to see one to stick to speculation and his money. I will give you one illustration. A few years ago a doctor called on me with a letter of introduction from a bank cashier in the town of ---. He thought there was going to be a big advance in oats. I thought so, too. The doctor's first venture was 250,000 bushels. purchase loosened the market and started a regular boom. We bought all the way up, and at the end of the month had a squeeze. The deal netted the rural practitioner \$50,000 clear profit in thirty days. It developed during the play that the deal was on joint account with my friend the cashier. I gave the doctor two checks, and then took him into my office and tendered him a piece of fatherly advice, for I had taken quite a fancy to him. 'Take this money and get out of town as quick as the Lord will let you,' I said to him. 'It is more than you ever expected to see. Put it where you cannot get it. Stick it into a farm and give it to your wife or your son or your mother. Give it to anybody. Put it where you can enjoy the interest but where the principal will be beyond your reach. Stay here and you will lose every cent sure as fate. It never knew it to fail.' Oh, no, he couldn't think of it. He wanted \$100,-000. In four months' time he was broke and in my debt \$2,000. I loaned trial for misappropriating trust funds. He had blown in his winnings and a portion of the capital of the bank. That is the history of thousands and tens of thousands. They have a streak of luck and it gives them the big-head, and they go broke in a vain endeavor to

'pull the tail out of the old thing.' Chicago News. A news item says: "The shortest man in Pennsylvania is Ellis Reinhart 12 in England and 2 in Ireland. Within of Goldsboro, is 28 years old and only